



UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,
AND HER R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

To know the cause why music was ordained
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
TAKING OF THE SHREW.

NOV. 15, 1838.

No. CXL.—NEW SERIES, No. XLVI.

PRICE 3d.

AN announcement signed 'Betty Hummel,' has appeared in the German musical journals, and makes known that the late Hof-Kapellmeister, the Chevalier John Nepomuk Hummel (such are the style and titles of the illustrious deceased) has left behind him a considerable quantity of manuscripts, which his widow is desirous to dispose of. Among these will be found many compositions for the pianoforte, several concertos for the piano, as well as for other instruments, many songs, cantatas, masses, overtures, and instrumental music of various kinds.

It is impossible to read of these posthumous works without pleasurable anticipation. We would willingly snatch from the tomb every honourable relique of the mind of one who has left a void in the world of composition, but we are rather puzzled to conceive how a man of Hummel's solid reputation, with a ready sale for every thing he chose to write, but who published of late at distant intervals only, should keep so much by him in manuscript if he ever designed it to appear. Death may indeed have frustrated his intentions. On the other hand, we have misgivings of injury to the fame of a composer by too hasty a ransacking of his crypts and cabinets, and indiscriminately communicating to the public whatever might be found there. The performance of this duty towards the deceased composer, requires the highest judgment and delicacy, and we hope it will be committed to the superintendence of an able musician.

Unless in the case of some remarkable accidents (which indeed have attended the manuscripts of Mozart, and caused several important ones, a symphony with contra basso obligato, for instance, to be irretrievably lost), we believe it may be said that every composition worthy of immortality finds it. A hundred and fifty years ago widows were less celebrated for posthumous exertions in behalf of their departed husbands than at present, yet genius has been cherished wherever found. The annals of music record instances of enthusiastic devotion rarely paralleled in

the other arts;—composers have lived for centuries in laborious transcripts dispersed from hand to hand, and thus sustained by private regard, have attained the immortality of print when their names were to the public at large almost forgotten words. The smouldering flame has at last burst out. Sebastian Bach lived for a century in this way in the north of Germany, and however yellow, worn, or dingy the manuscripts of his compositions might become, there was no fear of their being lost, while pens and ink remained. The whole of these works are in gradual course of publication.

Choral unions, now generally established throughout Europe, are at this moment giving new life to the admirable old Italian school. We perceive that many rare and beautiful productions, calculated to adorn a classical library, such as the *De profundis* of Clari, the *Litany* of Durante, the 110th Psalm of Leo, the *Stabat Mater* of Astorga, a *Credo* of Fago, and a *Kyrie* and *Gloria* of Caldara, have already appeared in print. Better music for the improvement of choirs, or the progress of the student, cannot be found. But it is not only in the old choral school of Italy that the modern care for the dead is exhibited. The complete works of old Domenico Scarlatti will shortly appear, edited and fingered by Carl Czerny. Of Scarlatti, the founder of the modern brilliant style, the model of Clementi, and in his life-time pronounced the glory of the art, it will scarcely be credited that much of his music has remained in manuscript to this day. Liszt and Moscheles have both contributed to this desired restoration of genius.

OUR MUSICAL CREED.

WE resume the argument on our first article—"That Music is the divinest of the Arts."

And here we come to a curious and interesting point in our inquiry.

The means by which the other arts operate on the passions are capable of exposition. Music, alone, remains an *impenetrable mystery*. We weep, we laugh, we burn, we languish,—and know not why. No man has yet attempted to raise the veil which shrouds the operations of Music; to unfold the secrets of harmony and explain their influence on the human soul. Why sounds should be significant; why they should be affecting; why certain collocations of sounds should oppress the heart with grief, others should inspire it with joy; why a certain rhythm, a certain "counterpoint," a certain procession of the seven notes (called melody), a certain combination of those seven notes (called harmony), a certain proportioning of their intervals (called mode, or key); why these things should be competent to master the spirits, and, according to degrees of susceptibility, to exhilarate, to depress, to soften, to exacerbate, to steep in tenderness, to steel with fortitude, to rouse to enthusiasm, to overwhelm with melancholy,—no philosophy has yet been able to announce. Music, like fire, is a thing of household familiarity, and at the same time of a divine, unknown, inscrutable nature; the phenomena of both are obvious and universal—their nature and principles are known only to God.

In poetry our reason and our imagination are appealed to in intelligible forms; the basis is identical with that of our ordinary communications; even in the most impassioned poetry there is always something to be enjoined—something to be communicated or suggested—something which is either definite in itself, or *capable* of definition by a mind in unison with the poet's. Our emotions therefore are here referable to distinct causes—causes of known sufficiency—and there is nothing of mystery in the operation which produces them, other than may be considered to attach, ultimately, to all psychological facts. In the arts of design a still plainer case presents itself. Our feelings are wrought upon by imitation in the same manner and from the same causes as they are, or would be, by the actual scenes or

forms of life imitated : and therefore whatever mystery may appear to envelope those sensations which are produced by works in painting and sculpture, becomes shifted from the arts themselves to that *nature* which they both copy. It may not be possible to say why certain lines and certain configurations should impress the mind with a sense of beauty, others with a sense of grandeur, and so forth ; but it is very easy to perceive, that if such sensations are the result of such phenomena in nature, the same will be the result of their representation in art, according to the merits of the copy.

But in music there is no imitation ; because there is no model. When we say of a musical composition that it is remarkable for "*truth of expression*," that it is full of "*nature*," we certainly are conscious of a meaning ; and that our meaning is a sufficiently distinct one is obvious, since all judges of music agree in recognizing the same attributes in different productions of the art. But if it were asked "*Where is the 'nature' which you perceive this composition to image, or to violate?*" it would be impossible to reply—we cannot point to her ; we cannot produce the *exemplar*, though we do not hesitate to decide on the merits or defects of the *copy*. Every one, being susceptible of impressions from music, perceives himself to be affected by its productions according to certain laws, nowhere written, but secretly recognized ; and to judge of them by a comparison with some mysterious archetype, present only to his dreaming sense, which how he came to be acquainted with he knows not. It is as if he had once, at some remote and forgotten time, obtained a momentary glimpse of the features of an angel, and was able now, by the profound impression which they left on his mind, to say how near any artist came in his conception of them. We know nothing which might have been urged with so much plausibility in favour of the Platonic doctrine of *reminiscence*—that our knowledge and perceptions in this life are but the revocations of a former existence—as this fact in musical philosophy. How easily we can imagine Socrates (in the dialogue on the immortality of the soul) adding this to the rest of the arguments with which he vanquishes the scepticism of Simmias and Cebes, and—according to the quaint forms preserved in Plato—drawing his friendly and admiring adversary into successive admissions and final unconditional surrender.

Socrates. It appears to me, indeed, O Cebes, that we judge of every performance by the ideal which is in our own minds ; for this, indeed, is perfect, but the performance is not perfect ; and this, indeed, is fixed, but the performance is of uncertain value, and sometimes is better and sometimes worse ; wherefore we note, and, as it were, measure the different value of the imperfect by the perfect, and of the uncertain by the fixed. Do I seem to deliver a becoming discourse ?

Cebes. It appears so to me, at least, O excellent man.

Socrates. What then,—if a sculptor produce the image of a man, do we not judge of it by this ideal ?

Simmias. But yet, O Socrates, I seem to myself to see this thing in another way, for indeed it appears to me that we judge of the image by the man whom it represents, and have no need of an ideal form possessing the sensible form itself.

Socrates. Be it so, therefore, O worthy Simmias, since you are not satisfied of the truth of this thing. But what if I take another example, and pass to the affair of harmony ? in which thing, indeed, there is no sensible form in nature whereby to correct the judgment ; and yet we all judge, O Simmias, of a piece of music by a form or model, as manifest to our comprehension as that sensible one by which you say we judge of the performance of the sculptor. Does not this seem to you to be as I have said ?

Simmias. To me, at least, O wonderful man.

Socrates. But yet, consider, I pray, whether this form by which we judge of a piece of music is any where to be found in the world. Did you or I, O Simmias, ever behold it ?

Simmias. By Jupiter, Socrates, neither of us at any time have ever beheld it.*

Socrates. What then, if it certainly exists but is no where to be found in a sensible state, it exists only in the mind ? But now let us beware, O Simmias and Cebes, lest we pronounce a ridiculous discourse ; for this indeed will happen to us, if we say that we have a certain notion in our minds but that it was produced by

* It ought to be "*neither of us at no time never*," to preserve the emphatic superfluity of a Greek denial.

nothing. Wherefore consider, whether this consciousness of an ideal that is no where on earth prefigured to us, and which we in vain endeavour to trace to any existing visible source, must not be a portion of that *reminiscence* of a past existence from which we have ventured to deduce all the matter of human knowledge, and whether it does not strengthen our belief in that beautiful circumstance? What say you, O Simmias, do these things appear to you conveniently spoken, or do you prefer some other things?

Simmias. O divine man, you seem to me to have spoken in a transcendent manner.*

Whatever value the reader may be inclined to attach to the platonic form in which we have dressed this matter, he will hardly deny that the matter itself is worthy of all reflection, and that the epithet "divine" is with propriety arrogated for an art which, in a manner distinguishing it from all others, works upon us by secret, undiscoverable machinery, and appears to be justified, or otherwise, to our conceptions by some type existing in the mind, the principle or source of which nothing within the range of human experience can indicate or suggest.

It is easy to remove the difficulty from one verbal predicament to another, but to lessen it in any degree by actual elucidation, is not easy, or perhaps possible. What Sir William Jones says of "imitative" music (as it is called) touches a vein of truth which, if worked out, might possibly furnish an argument applicable to music generally. "It appears to me," he says, "that as those parts of poetry and music which relate to the passions, affect by sympathy, to those which are merely descriptive, act by a kind of *substitution*, that is, by raising in our minds affections or sentiments *analogous* to those which arise in us when the respective objects in nature are presented to our senses." But this is merely a removal, not a solution, of the question. It may be affirmed, very reasonably, that music operates by "a kind of substitution;" for, as it cannot present distinct objects to our minds, so if it produce results similar to what those objects would produce, it must be by raising analogous affections; but the question, "How should sounds, or any disposition of sounds, be competent to raise affections, and by what process do they raise them?" remains untouched.

When ignorance was universal, it was natural for men to attribute the phenomena they could not account for to the direct agency of some superior but invisible power. Hence every art and science in the beginning, had its particular patron god. Philosophy, in proportion as it explained these phenomena and reconciled them to intelligible operations, undermined the dominion of the gods of the mythology. The other arts may be considered to have been in this manner *won from their original divinity*—but music, heavenly music, remains all pure and spiritual still.

"WORDS FOR MUSIC."

WE were casting about this morning for some novelty to offer our readers, some new feature in our Magazine, (for, in truth, the pleasant discovery that our readers are supporting us, has given us an increased desire to find the way to their amusement,) when it occurred to us that we might do an acceptable service to many lovers of music by bestowing some attention on that much-abused department of art, that party wall between Music and Poetry, that neutral—yet not *debateable* land, (for Poetry disclaims it, and Music occupies it only on compulsion,) that equivocal affair, in short, commonly called "*Words for music.*" We thought if we could throw some light on the nature and requisites of verses that are "intended for music," as well as on the manner in which composers do, or ought to carry that intention into effect; if we could, moreover, indicate the sources in English literature from which composers might best draw materials for vocal purposes, we should be doing a service of some utility to our musicians, of possible future benefit to the public, and of no injury to any class but that of the Mævii and Bavii of the back shops; for whom—though we be most benevolent in our generation—we confess to no distinct bowels of compassion, or rather we put humanity out of the question, for shoes *must* be blacked; and, on the part of our own shoes, we have

* This innocent parody on the style of the Socratic dialogue will please, we hope, not shock, the devout Platonist.

no hesitation in engaging that they shall be left out regularly for any ex-official Soho lyrist whom our public labours may have the effect of detaching from Castalian pursuits.

There is something admirably significant in the usual phrase "*Words for music*"—as much as to say "something to sing." What poet ever thought of heading a poem (*not* being intended for music) "*Words?*" Ode, sonnet, epigram, hymn, song, these are terms that give one a tolerable notion of what one is to expect; they disclose a purpose and character, and, at least,

"To some faint meaning *make pretence*;"

but "*Words*" seems to imply that the author has just strung together a few lines in long and short syllables, so many to the bar, but that they have no meaning, and consequently can receive no name. And this is so proper and admirable, we say, because it is precisely the truth—they *have* no meaning, and they are therefore merely "*words*." *Why* they have no meaning (unless when it happens that the poet had none to give them) is explained to you as you go on—"for music;" yes, they were meant "*for music*;" *sense* was therefore out of the question, for what should sense have to do with music?

"See the morning,
How it's *dorning*!"

exclaims the inspired one of Soho; if you should ask him "*What was meant by it?*" he would answer, *Why, it was meant for music, to be sure.*

Composers when they want words for a song, a glee, or what not, are often constrained to apply to the fashionable Metastasios of the day, through a defective acquaintance with poetical stores, or an impatience of the labour of research in quarters familiar to them. Others probably have no natural power of discerning sense from nonsense, or fine taste from fustian, and are in every respect well satisfied to be collaborators with the said versifiers. But we are tolerably certain that composers, generally speaking, would prefer sense and beauty to be the companions of their melodies as often as they could get them, and that they would be much assisted by a careful selection, made for them, from old and new sources, English or Foreign, of such little poems or fragments of larger ones, whether written for music or not, as may serve the purpose of composition; and, with that view, we will devote an occasional corner of our magazine to the insertion of short pieces remarkable for elegance of sentiment, beauty of expression, or some other poetical charm entitling them to notice, and rendering them eligible as "*Words for music*."

The following verses from De La Motte would make a very good subject for a duet. We do not propose them as being particularly enamoured of their beauty, for they are not of the highest order of merit; but there is a degree of archness and piquancy in them which would stand a composer in great stead, and serve to bring out any talent in musical dialogue he might be possessed of. The French lyrists cannot be dull or stupid. That the verses are not *English*, is a circumstance that will be felt to be no inconvenience by a race of composers not remarkable for any patriotic attachment to their own language.

L'AMOUR ET LE POÈTE.

Le P. Amour, je ne veux plus aimer;
J'abjure à jamais ton empire:
Mon cœur, lassé de son martire,
A résolu de se calmer.

L'Am. Contre moi, qui peut t'animer?
Iris dans ses bras te rapelle.

Le P. Non, Iris est une infidelle;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'Am. Pour toi, j'ai pris soin d'enflamer
Le cœur d'une beauté nouvelle;
Daphné.—*Le P.* Non, Daphné n'est que lalle;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'Am. D'un soupir, tu peux désarmer
Dircé, jusqu'ici si sauvage.

Le P. Elle n'est plus dans le bel âge ;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'Am. Mais si je t'aidois à charmer
La jeune, la brillante Flore.
Tu rougis—vas-tu dire encore,

"Amour, je ne veux plus aimer."

Le P. Non, Dieu charmant, daigne former
Pour nous une chaîne éternelle ;
Mais pour tout ce qui n'est pas elle,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

IMPORTANT PROCEEDINGS OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS OBSCURE.

The following paragraph from the *Durham Advertiser* is immensely diverting :—

"The concert advertised for Friday evening last took place at the appointed time, in the Assembly Room, North Bailey. The performances gave the greatest satisfaction to those who were present; but we regret to say they were few in number; and that on Monday not a single individual patronized the intended morning concert, which, of course, did not take place. We cannot but express our surprise at this reception of such talented performers as Signor Schepens, Signor and Madame Catrufo, and Signor Folz. The first named gentleman, *who is a distinguished composer*, sang the parts allotted to him in a style of first-rate excellence; while Madame Catrufo, whose voice, though not remarkable for sweetness, is clear and powerful, and her talented husband, the instructor of Mesdames Malibran and Stockhausen, elicited much applause, and one or two *encores*. Of Signor Folz we shall only say that, with the exception of the late celebrated Nicholson, he is decidedly the best performer on the flute that we ever had the gratification to hear."

It is permitted to *virtuosi* on a country tour to hold themselves a few inches higher than ordinary. No business is done in the provinces without first making the public stare, and a strange face with a stranger name is of great assistance. We have heard of a quack doctor, who through travelling in the west of England on horseback, in a red coat, and with a footman behind him, sold boxes of pills without end; and even lately they tell, at Cheltenham, of a mercer's shopman, who being permitted to take a holiday, suffered his mustachios to grow, and enacted an officer of hussars with such success, that he had well nigh carried off one of the first beauties of the Assembly. So much for appearances!

But, by the fate of the Durham concerts, we may learn that some caution is necessary in promulgating names and titles. Thus, for example, we hold it extremely injudicious in Mr. Schepens, who by his patronymic, must have been created either absolutely, or by descent, a Dutchman, to tack Signor to his name. Herr von Schepens would have sounded better. Signor Catrufo passes muster; but what shall we say to Signor Folz? Did fair Ausonia ever produce such a being? Indeed, we must say that this wretched smearing of Italian titles upon ugly Dutch and German names was enough to engender an aversion to the concerts and the concert-givers throughout the whole country. Setting aside the little fib that Schepens is a distinguished composer, the laudatory paragraph is so artfully written, that it might be very true, and yet the performance very bad. For instance, Folz might be the next best player to Nicholson, the critic never having heard any other.

In great cities access to the temple of fame is difficult; the vigilance of talent against interlopers is there so unremitting, that to gain a factitious reputation is impossible. Whatever public opinion and the powerful press of London pronounce excellent, is sure to be so. But there are other entrances to the temple than the chief and honourable one. There are ways of sneaking in at the back door, or getting in by stealth at the window, and though the offender is sure to be turned out when discovered (as we kick out an intruding dog), still the attempt

may have answered his purpose. We have laughed heartily at the following advertisement in the *Liverpool Advertiser*:—

"THE CORONATION ORGAN.—Mr. Gauntlet, of London, the celebrated *Pedal Organist*, will perform on the above splendid Instrument, now erected in St. John's Church, Chester, by Messrs. Hill and Davison, on Monday, the 29th instant, precisely at Noon.—Tickets, 2s. 6d. each, to be had at Mr. Seacome's, Bookseller, Chester."

Sweet modesty! that will only venture to "blush unseen" at Chester—and there only assumes titles that are kept most prudently in reserve in London. Who ever heard of Mr. Gauntlet's *public* organ performances? Which of the great metropolitan journals has alluded to them! Upon what occasion has the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, or any other independent paper, praised Mr. Gauntlet's playing? Whence then Mr. Gauntlet's celebrity? Oh, we cry you mercy—it has been given him by the Lord knows who, in an advertisement, paid for and put into the *Liverpool* journal. We wish the recording angel who writes the register of human fibs may be hereafter as easily satisfied, as the man, when he got his seven shillings, who keeps the books of this country paper.

But we have more of this sublime farce of "celebrity," this beautiful illustration of "*lucus a non lucendo*," to entertain our readers withal. The advertisement would not do without something editorial, and a paragraph, which smells strongly of having cost something too, accompanies it.—

"*Organ Performances.*—It will be perceived by an advertisement in another part of this paper, that the splendid pedal organ, used at the coronation of her most gracious Majesty, in Westminster Abbey, is now erected in that ancient edifice, St. John's Church, Chester, and it will be performed upon next Monday by Mr. Gauntlet, of London, the *pedalist*. We perceive by the Chester paper the organ will be opened for divine service on Sunday next, when sermons will be preached by the Bishop and Dean, and collections made."

The *pedalist*! It is fortunate that none of the numerous players in London, who are able to clap an extinguisher on the supremacy of Mr. Gauntlet, were present, to show the good Chester folks in what a laughable light this pretension might be exhibited. By the way, the word "*pedalist*" we find unrecognized in any musical vocabulary, either German, French, or English—chiefly, we suppose, because the term "*organist*" ought to, and does, include all that the former word is meant to imply. This valuable addition to our technicalities we owe to that ineffable pedantry which distinguished the genius of our worthy predecessor in the management of this journal. Hudibras himself was not a greater lover of hard words.—

"For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debased and hard—no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em."

We declare our unhesitating belief, that in all this long narration of the doings of Messrs. Schepens, Catrufo, Folz, and Gauntlet, that "the *pedalist*" cuts the poorest figure. For there is no evidence that the others *paid* to have themselves described in magniloquent terms; and certainly, if they thought that to pay for being laughed at would be too dear an advertisement, we applaud their good sense.

BERTINI ON SOME PECULIARITIES OF MECHANISM IN THE ENGLISH GRAND PIANOFORTE.

The keys of *GRAND* pianofortes are in general made too deep in the touch, by which we increase the extension of the hand in all intervals, and consequently increase the difficulty in playing certain passages; whereas, they ought not to go deeper, in the *lowest part*, than a *quarter of an English inch*, as all depth of touch below this becomes inimical to fluent execution. It is therefore the duty of the manufacturers to bring their instruments as near as possible to this desideratum. Again: the pedals (of *grand* pianofortes) are, in general, too forward and too high, by which the performer is obliged to raise the whole foot, and lose

perhaps his equilibrium ; whereas they ought to be placed so far back, that the performer may rest his heel on the ground, and thus have, at all times, an immediate and steady command of his feet. Another point necessary to be attended to, and which materially concerns execution, is the *weight* of the keys, or, more plainly speaking, the lightness or heaviness of the *touch*. For example, it has been proved, on taking a modern grand pianoforte,—one with the lightest touch which could be met with,—that the weight of each key, when playing pianissimo, was one ounce (eight drachms) in the upper part of the treble, increasing gradually to two ounces in the lower part of the bass. Let the reader, therefore, judge of the force that must be required when playing fortissimo. But when the mechanism is drawn out of the instrument, and the same keys are without the hammers, (and without the dampers, of course), the weight of each key is not more than two drachms (a quarter of an ounce). Thus it will be seen, that the bass keys, by the addition of the hammers and dampers, become eight times heavier than without them. Were it only to play for a short time, and particularly when executing, *slowly*, single notes, the weight of the keys would be a matter of little consequence ; but when the performer is obliged to continue a *rapid movement* without any rest, and with a long series of running passages, interspersed with double notes and chords, (which of course diminish the agility and strength of the fingers and wrist), it is *then* he feels the inconvenience of an instrument that is heavy in the touch. About thirty years ago, the greater part of the best grand pianofortes were much heavier in the touch than those which are now manufactured ; and, when the makers were asked if they could be made lighter, their answer was “Impossible !” They, however, now make them *considerably* lighter. It may therefore be inferred, that in thirty years hence they will overcome a second series of “*impossibilities*,” by making them even lighter than those of the present day. As a criterion by which to judge whether or not a pianoforte is sufficiently easy in the touch, you have only to suspend one of the hands (by letting it rest on the other) with the four fingers and thumb, at an inch distance over any five white keys, about the middle of the instrument,—for instance, C D E F G ; then let the hand fall, (by suddenly withdrawing the support), and if *every* note sounds, from the *mere weight* of the hand, the touch is what it ought to be ; if not, it is too hard ; and, in order to judge of the quick action in the mechanism, the performer has only to keep playing on the same key, beginning by the third, second, and first fingers and thumb, then again the same fingers and thumb, and so on, thus continuing to ring the note with the greatest rapidity ; for example, at the rate of thirty-two demi-semiquavers in a common-time bar of an Allegro. I cannot resist naming, also, another defect, or rather, a little *ruse de guerre*, that some of the pianoforte-makers have smuggled into circulation at the expense of sadly perplexing an unfortunate pupil, if he should have previously been guilty of practising on any other instrument than one of their last new manufacture. It has not, perhaps, been discovered by every one, that in order to admit the improvement of *braces*, (irons to strengthen the instrument), these makers have *increased the size of the keys* so much, that in *one octave* (from C to C inclusive, for instance), many of the *new pianofortes* are a *quarter of an inch* (English) *more in extent than the old ones* ! (An octave of the old pianofortes measured seven inches and one-eighth ; in the new ones it measures seven inches and three-eighths. On the Continent, (in Germany, for instance), the last pianofortes manufactured measure only seven inches one-eighth for an octave ; and it would be paying no compliment to the English ladies to suppose they have hands so much larger than those on the Continent as to require the keys to be made on purpose for them). But this increase might be avoided by diminishing, merely the twelfth part of a *quarter* of an inch, the inside of each key, which would admit the same space for the braces. If the “march of intellect” is thus permitted to continue increasing the size of the keys, the makers should at least give us the recipe for increasing the size of the hand, or otherwise the pianoforte will ultimately become an instrument better adapted for giants, than for the delicate hands of females. Now, as this alteration gives an increase of *more than an inch in the space of five octaves*, what is to become of the poor pupil who has been slaving away at a modern piece, with *kangaroo* passages, on an old pianoforte at home, and has then to perform it before an audience on a

new one, with keys of increased dimensions? He misses half the skipping passages, and gets, perhaps unjustly, condemned as a bad player. It would really appear that the makers often attempt to form the players to the instruments, instead of the instruments to the players. This reminds me of what a distinguished pianist lately said to an eminent maker:—"Do you think, Sir, that you could make my body to suit the coat of —?" (naming a late illustrious gourmand) "No." "Then why expect (what is quite as unreasonable that I should alter the manner of my playing, after forty years' constant study, to suit your new pianofortes?" It would be injustice not to give credit wherever it is really due: and therefore to say, that, as far as the *sound* goes, the *grand* pianofortes are brought to that perfection which does infinite credit to the makers.—*Auguste Bertini's New System for Acquiring Extraordinary Facility on all Musical Instruments.*

FOREIGN MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

CASSEL.—For a principality like Cassel, that contains nearly 30,000 inhabitants, and has military music of a superior order as well as dance music daily, that enjoys once a week waltzes, *à la Strauss*, in the suburban gardens, and the European summer concerts of MM. Heylgeist and Wiele, we are upon the whole very moderate in musical matters. The third subscription concert on the 7th of of March brought us a new overture by M. Kleinwächter. This work, which showed a deep study of the productions of Spohr, was performed under the direction of that master and well received. The bravura pianoforte rondo, by Pixis les Clochettes, was executed by Scharfenberg, junior, who took his leave of our public in this piece, previously to his departure for America. We have since heard that he is doing well as a teacher in that country. A concertino for clarinet, by Bärmann, executed by Lasser, and a Pot-pourri on Irish airs for the violin, by Spohr, played by his pupil Haltnorth, were loudly applauded. The sixth symphony of F. Ries concluded the instrumental portion of the concert. Several single songs were interspersed, and the finale to the first act of *Così fan Tutti*, was executed by Mddles. Pistor, Löw, and Leissring; and Messrs. Derska, Föppel, and Krieg.

The fourth and last concert, on the 21st of March, afforded a special treat. Scarcely a single old piece was heard in it. We had Lindpainter's overture to *Der Bergkönig*; a concertante for two violins, by Spohr, performed by the composer and concert-master, Wiele; a rondo for two flutes on Themes from *Norma*, by Fürstenau, played by two orchestra performers, Messrs. Blaschak and Bochmann; and a divertimento for the bassoon, by Jacobi, performed by Bisantz. Spohr's symphony, No. 5, occupied the whole of the second part of the concert. Concert-Master Wiele, accompanied Mddle. Löw in an air of Lafont, with obligato violin, which was unanimously applauded; but some of Strauss's waltzes arranged for six voices (!) failed in creating any impression.

Mendelssohn's oratorio of St. Paul was performed in the garrison church, which was lighted up for the occasion, on Good Friday evening. Spohr conducted. The chorus was furnished by the Cecilian Society, Wiegand's Vocal Academy, the members of the Liedertafel, and of the Opera Company. As the choruses had previously been well practised, a few general rehearsals were all that was necessary, and the music succeeded entirely. The oratorio was repeated on Easter Sunday, under the direction of Music-Director Baldewin, Spohr having on that day most suddenly and unexpectedly lost his youngest daughter Terese, a child whose talent promised much.

Handel's *Te Deum* Laudamus was performed in the Lutheran Church on the occasion of its jubilee. Church music is here so rare, that this celebration brought together a vast concourse of amateurs and professors. It is not with us as in Saxony, when one may hear fine church music in the meanest village.

On the 30th June, a grand concert took place in the New Town Hall, for the relief of some sufferers by fire in a neighbouring village. The first part commenced with the fourth symphony of Kalliwoda, which had great success; the "Post Horn," a song with accompaniment for horn and piano, was performed by M. Schäffer, of this place, lately first tenor at Hamburg; and a violin-concerto of De Beriot, executed by Jean Bott, a boy whose extraordinary talent has often been noticed in the public journals, was loudly applauded. Young Bott has just returned with his father from a musical tour in Holland, and has been received

in all the principal cities with the distinction due to talents of the first order. The cousin of this young virtuoso, Katharine Bott of Darmstadt, a clever pianoforte player, after having had much success with us, is now in London. In the conclusion of this concert, we heard the hero's song in Walhalla, composed by Stunz, admirably sung by the members of the Liedertafel, and a cantata, entitled "The Praise of Concord," (Das Lob der Eintracht), composed by our townsman, Henrick Schäffer. The reception of the pieces was encouraging.

VIENNA.—Among the extra concerts of the season we may notice Clara Novello's second and last concert. She sang "With verdure clad," as it never yet was sung,—Swiss and French romances, Lachner's Wald-vöglein, and the grand duet in D minor of Don Giovanni, with M. Haitzinger. Karl Hafner played the sixth polonaise of Mayseder, and Melany Lewy was applauded in some harp variations, but the poor youth was sadly annoyed by the breaking of strings. A half grown boy, named Joseph Derffel, attempted to scramble through Thalberg's variations on "God save the King," an exhibition that we could well have spared.

The amiable young Englishwoman had hardly set off for Italy, by way of Munich, in order to study in the school of Pasta, before her place was occupied by a countrywoman, named Angelica Lacy. The concert of this lady was warmly patronized by the nobility, but rather, as it appeared to us, through the influence of fashion than of merit.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

The near approach which the performance of Samson by this society, on Wednesday evening, made to our hour of publication, permits us only to indulge in a brief and somewhat hasty notice of it. That we were highly delighted with this exhibition of an entire section of the master-mind, as opposed to the modern practice of *selection* may be easily understood. By the oratorio *entire* we have the continuity of the design fully exposed; perhaps at the expense of some dry morsels, some spots in which old Homer is seen nodding; but by this plan we are made more familiar with the *human* genius of the author; we know him better as a man. The whole performance of Wednesday evening was, to the majority of the audience, completely *new*, and received profound attention. To us it was the newest experiment in Handel that we ever witnessed; and we may say of Samson as thus represented, that it wants nothing more than the action of the public mind upon it (as the public mind has already acted upon the Messiah), to render it when properly curtailed, a delightful entertainment.

The oratorio of Wednesday showed that the two first parts performed entire, render omissions indispensable in the third. Now this third happens to be the finest part of the work; here the interest rises to a climax, and in all the funeral scenes we have a sweet and heroical pathos that nothing in music can surpass. The reduction, therefore, in the compass of this oratorio will in future, we apprehend, be better made among the quaint and not very interesting songs of the first part.

The effects of the female chorus were exquisite. We consider it a rich musical evening to hear (if nothing else) "Then round about the starry throne;" "To dust his glory;" "O first created beam;" "Hear Jacob's God;" and the noble chorus of Philistines, in which Handel shows himself Beethoven by anticipation, "Hear us our God." In picturesque and dramatic effect this is a wonder-working chorus, the words—

"O mercy heav'n!—we sink!—we die!"

could not be translated into a more perfect musical expression—they make the blood thrill. The first mentioned chorus—"Then round about," we would suggest, ought to be sung rather more smoothly—it would gain in expression by this means.

Miss Birch was in magnificent voice. Her upper and lower tones are beautifully in tune. We wish she did not incline to get sharp in the middle. Miss Wyndham must study Handel, and get a better enunciation. Mr. Bennet should let his well-toned tenor voice take care of itself, and not aim at any extraordinary graces of style. The charm of sacred music is its simplicity. Mr. Atkins was not so fortunate as we could have wished in his intonation. Mr. Phillips sang as usual—that is to say, very well. We will say, in justice to the solo singers, that having no traditions

in most of the music, their duties were more arduous than ordinary. But we would remind them that recitative ought not to be so unconscionably drawled, as they drawl it. If the plain recitative were dispatched as it ought to be, we believe that the whole of Samson might be brought within the compass of three hours and a half. As it was, notwithstanding many omissions, the crowded audience were hardly dispersed before midnight.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—Amongst the various satisfactory evidences of an increasing taste for music amongst us, may fairly be reckoned the prevalence of musical tours through the provinces, beyond what we have remembered for some years, and undertaken by all the first-rate metropolitan stars, native and foreign; for though our Journalists have occasionally had to lament over a "beggarly account of empty boxes," (as lately, we perceived, at *Halifax*), it is manifest that these engagements have been on the whole, and are productive; they would not otherwise be persisted in, as we find them to be. Liverpool has long been behind-hand in her musical reputation, and we are truly glad to see the effort now being made, to regenerate (perhaps we ought to say to *generate*) a musical spirit in this important town, where, only a few years since, the Music Hall was kicked down as an encumbrance and a superfluity, and turned into a receptacle for shawls and lace caps; almost at the same time when Birmingham and Manchester were erecting Music Halls, now the most magnificent of their public buildings. Our readers will perceive from an advertisement in this day's *Musical World*, that a series of subscription concerts on a scale of considerable pretension, are about to take place in Liverpool, and we believe that it is in the intention of their enterprising promoter to continue them from year to year, if warranted in so doing by the success of those now arranged for. We have every reason to believe that these concerts will be conducted with a degree of efficiency, which will ensure all the public patronage desired for them.

WOODFORD.—Mr. Bates gave his first subscription concert on Wednesday evening, the 7th instant. Miss Bruce, Miss F. Wyndham, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. H. Phillips, were the vocalists. Mr. Mori was the principal instrumental performer. The concert was fully and fashionably attended.

CAMBRIDGE.—Miss Bruce and Mr. Hobbs are engaged at a concert, to take place in this town, on Monday next, the 19th instant.

DONCASTER.—The lecture on Monday evening was kindly undertaken by George Hodgkinson, Esq., at Thorne. Subject—"The Music of Nature;" (Mr. Wimberley in the chair), and ably delivered before the members and others in the New Concert Room. Our limits will only permit a brief specimen of his style:—

"Music is the harmony of sound, and the first ideas or impressions of it must have been from the voice of Nature, from the sighing of the zephyrs amongst the foliage, the brisker sounds of the breeze, and the hoarse and wild roar of the mighty and impetuous tempest, from the powerful association of music with sentiment, and its physical impressions, no wonder that from its earliest era, it was variously employed by man. It consecrated and formed part of the religious services of the primitives, and aided their voices in the noblest of all acts, praise and thanksgiving; it led their armies to battle, and inspired the hearts of their fighting-men and men of valour. On occasions of grief or joy, it appears to have been used alike, either as a solemn or plaintive 'dirge at the tomb of the good and the brave,' or whether it burst forth in loud strains on the achievement of some signal victory. The lover testified by the soft notes of the lute the gentleness and purity of his passion, and the exhilaration of the social banquet or the public festival was enhanced by the dance and the song. And to show furthermore the power and glory of the heaven-born art, and the effect it is calculated to have upon the passions, not only have its syren tones been used as an image of the delusiveness of certain objects, as a type of repose or joy of the heart, or of beauty, but it is supposed to be a primary or most effective agency by which the breast of the rudest savage can be rendered gentle and humane."

"Music has often so powerfully awakened memory, that on hearing an early

familiar tune, the exile has burst into impassioned tears, and pined to return to the scene where his infant ear was first greeted by melody. Napoleon made it a capital offence for the 'Rans des Vaches' to be played or chaunted in his heroic battalions, as it caused many of the famed imperial Swiss guards to desert to the country of their home. And fancy has been so exuberant with relation to the divine art, that dangerous wounds are said to have been cured by its influence on the nervous system, as in the case of the bite of the tarantula. It is this artless—though no less rich and pure species of melody, that solaces the humble peasant, and cheers the rustic maid, in their daily toil, who otherwise might sink alike under occasional mental depression, or excessive corporeal fatigue; this that has brightened the eye and flushed the cheek of the sensitive invalid; this that has ever inspired the bard with the truest poetic fervour, or diffused serenity upon his feverish temples; and oh! it is this that has oftentimes excited the stubborn heart of man, and stimulated and shamed him to the noble feeling of gratitude to the Infinite Originator of all that is beautiful and harmonious."

After describing the faculties of the ear which enable us to appreciate sounds, the lecturer went through his subject and many curious facts connected with it, in the following outline:—Noise and sound,—the human voice, (comprising observations on speaking, language, or oratory, and singing); the musical phenomena of animated nature, such as birds, insects, &c.; and lastly, bells, echoes, and the roar of storms.

The Chairman complimented the lecturer on the interesting character of his discourse, and proposed the thanks of the company to him for his services, which was warmly responded to.

SALISBURY.—The Codford Harmonic Society held their first meeting for the season at the George Inn, Codford, on the 2d instant, and was very numerous and respectfully attended. The execution of the duets and glees was of the first order, and the company expressed themselves highly gratified with the arrangements of the worthy host.

A Philharmonic Society has lately been established at the King's Arms Inn, Warminster, by a few spirited individuals of that town, and it is gratifying to observe that many respectable inhabitants have become subscribers, and are using their influence to promote its general success.—*Salisbury Herald*.

The second rehearsal of the Chippenham Harmonic Society, took place on the evening of Thursday, the 1st instant. The attendance was more numerous than that of the one preceding it, the members having received a great accession to their numbers in the interim. There was likewise a large attendance of performers. The selections for the evening were numerous, and their execution highly creditable to the society.—*Salisbury Herald*.

Mr. Biddlecombe opens the campaign of the new musical society which he has projected and matured in this city, on Tuesday evening next. In addition to the lecture which Mr. B. will deliver on the occasion, a choice selection of pieces, vocal and instrumental, will be executed by natives of Salisbury. We trust that the worthy projector may meet with that degree of support, which shall enable him to render the society stronger in musical talent, than can be expected at the commencement of the experiment.—*Salisbury Herald*.

DUBLIN.—We have had an opportunity of hearing the performance of many of the celebrated pianistes of the day. With delight we have listened to Thalberg, Hertz, Kalkbrenner, and Moscheles, and we hesitate not to pronounce Madame Dulcken not only their equal, but in many instances their superior. Her style of playing is singularly graceful; and she executes the most rapid and difficult passages with the greatest apparent ease. Her fingering is peculiarly delicate; and not only does she excel in the mere mechanical portion of the performance, but, in giving the utmost feeling and expression to the sublime compositions of the most inspired composers. Her concert on Tuesday evening, was attended by all the professional and amateur musical talent of the city—and the rapturous delight evinced by the auditory afforded the best proof of the sterling genius she possesses. She is, indeed, eminently worthy the honour of being the instructress of our young and lovely Queen.

She performed thrice during the evening, selecting pieces from the music of Mendelssohn, Thalberg, and Kalkbrenner. In the brilliant variations of the latter

elegant composer and accomplished pianiste, her peculiar powers were exhibited to the best advantage. It was, indeed, to the lovers of music an exquisite treat.

Mr. and Miss Williams, and Mr. Greene, also appeared to much advantage during the concert. Miss Williams is a sweet singer, and will be a decided acquisition. Mr. Greene, who is a pupil of Mr. Williams, possesses a pleasing voice, cultivated with care and judgment, and will, we doubt not, rank with the popular concert singers of the day. Signor Sapio was, as usual, in splendid voice. In Berlioz's beautiful air of "Vi Ravisio," he was loudly and most deservedly applauded. It was given with the purest taste and truest feeling. We understand that Madame Dulcken will give a second concert during the ensuing week.

COURT CIRCULAR.

Her Majesty and suite attended divine service on Sunday last at St. George's Chapel. The Te Deum and Jubilate were Dr. Nares in C. The Creed, Kings in C, and the Anthem "I was in the spirit," Blow. The soli parts by Messrs. Harris, Turner, Mitchell, and French. Mr. G. J. Elvey, Mus. Bac., presided at the organ.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mrs. A. Shaw.—Extract of a letter from Mendelssohn, the composer, dated Leipsic, Oct. 21 :—"Mrs. Shaw began on Thursday last with Rossini's *Peppa alla Patria*, which came after the overture of *Freischütz*. The very first notes she sang made the audience understand how great an artist they became acquainted with, and after the words, "Amici in ogni evento," all the faces cleared up, and seemed to anticipate the great treat to come, and after the conclusion of the recitative there was bustle, and humming, and talking to each other, which is perhaps more gratifying to an artist than the most brilliant reception beforehand. I do not speak to you of the applause that came from all parts of the room, crowded to excess as it was (for many persons had not been able to obtain admission); but yet I think, after that first song, people still compared other singers to what they had heard just now, while every comparison was forgotten after the second song, Mozart's beautiful "Addio." Then the sensation was so deep, so unanimous, as to prove the audience worthy to listen to such a high degree of perfection, to the matchless performance of so matchless a composition, and with true and heartfelt accents in this song. Mrs. Shaw has secured that friendship which the German public feels but very seldom at once towards an artist. I saw some who shed tears at this beautiful melody, which nobody had ventured to sing in public concerts before her, and all the musicians were in raptures; she has made more friends with that simple song than she would have done, perhaps, with the most celebrated scena; and, as I know the public here, I am sure that impression here will be a lasting one, even if they could not hear her again. Add to this, that everybody who saw her here seems to be aware that she is not only to be praised as a great artist, but as a ladylike, unaffected, and most amiable person, and your question whether she has done honour to herself is answered I think; and if you ask whether she did honour to her country, I have only to repeat the same; and besides that, there were Clara Novello and William Sterndale Bennett in the room at her first performance, and so I think your country was as powerfully represented in our music room as the proudest Englishman might have wished."

Berlioz.—One of the most rising, best-informed, and skilful musicians in Paris is Berlioz. He is an imaginative composer, and attempts most daring effects in descriptive orchestral writing, his enthusiasm and extensive knowledge of art and science are often exhibited in spirited criticisms and philosophical essays in the periodical magazines of Paris. The early history of Berlioz and his subsequent alliance with Miss Smithson are not void of romance. He was first known to our informant as a chorister in a minor theatre; his reserved manners made him unsocial and unpopular with his comrades, but by the musicians of the band he was remarked as eccentric in appearance, always proficient in his duties, and yet anxious to elude particular notice. Our informant, from motives of curiosity, sought the acquaintance of this recluse, and one day adjourned to a neighbouring estaminet to discuss divers matters on music and sip the beverage of a "demie tasse." The humble chorister produced from his pocket a bundle of MS. scores of descriptive

overtures and dramatic scenes, and amidst the fumes of tobacco, the rattling of billiards and dominoes, endeavoured by singing the *motivi* of the various movements to interest his companion; when he arrived at a particular passage, the sedate and sullen chorister, having waxed warm and earnest in his gesticulations, exclaimed "Voilà! le climax!" and down went his fist, smashing all the crockery upon the table. To cut the story short, Berlioz was admitted into the Conservatoire, obtained the first prize for composition, and enjoyed the pension for travelling in Italy and Germany. On his return to Paris he was doomed to learn that his betrothed, a young lady of considerable accomplishments, had suddenly died. Some time after he had sustained this sad shock, in his dejected and oppressed state of mind, he was induced to join a circle of friends to witness the English actors, then in Paris, perform the tragedy of Hamlet. The acting of Miss Smithson in the touching scenes of Ophelia, so powerfully operated on the heated imagination of the musician, that nothing could repress his passion to obtain the hand and heart of the actress, and the most fearful consequences were entertained by his friends should his addresses be rejected. Miss Smithson granted an interview, and whether from love or fear, we know not, she ultimately consented to be the partner of his life. They had to struggle for some time with limited means, but fortune has lately smiled on them, and awards Berlioz, annually, a sufficient income from lessons and benefit concerts.

IMPROVEMENT IN BRASS INSTRUMENTS.—We have lately seen and heard some brass instruments constructed on a principle which promises to enlarge their powers and extend their usefulness to a much greater degree than any former attempts have been able to accomplish. The limited scale of the trumpet and horn have materially circumscribed their employment in orchestral writing,—and the impossibility of their following a composer rapidly from key to key, has still further limited their agency. In the time of Purcell and Handel, the trumpet was a prominent orchestral and solo instrument,—but this character it has wholly lost. Several attempts have been made to overcome this defect by the employment of keys and valves; but these have all changed the tone of the instrument to which they were applied, and deprived the trumpet of its martial and spirit-stirring character. The present invention may be described as a method of instantly shortening or lengthening the tube of the trumpet, horn, and trombone, or any other brass instrument. The mechanism is beautiful and simple,—and the first impression on seeing it is that of astonishment that it should have escaped all former inventors. When applied to the trumpet, it enables the performer to produce every semitone from the bottom to the top of the instrument in rapid succession, with all the freedom and fulness of tone of the common trumpet—the key of the instrument being as completely changed as if a crook was put on or off. The same remarks equally apply to the horn; in which the notes out of the scale are now produced by inserting the hand into the bell of the instrument, and thus, of necessity, changing and injuring its tone. In the improved horn, all these notes are easily produced, and a perfect equality and richness of tone secured. To the performer on the trombone this invention is invaluable, as it will give to his execution both precision and rapidity unattainable on the common slide-trombone. It is obvious that a discovery so important will effect a considerable change and extension of the employment of brass instruments in orchestras, as well as military bands. The improved instruments have been tried, and their immediate adoption decided on by the Queen's private band, and by nearly all the bands of the household brigade. The inventor of this beautiful piece of mechanism is a Mr. John Shaw, of Glossop, in Derbyshire; and we are induced to give it all the publicity in our power, not only for its intrinsic importance, but because of the modest and unpretending manner in which it was introduced to our notice.—*Spectator*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An old subscriber, whom we guess by the hand-writing, to be a female musical student, should apply herself to the scores of Mozart's and Beethoven's quartets, and then to their symphonies. From the study of these works she will best make her next step in musical improvement.

We are gratified by the letter of an observer, and shall shortly have more matter to entertain him. The annals of quackery afford a copious subject.

THE Letter of our esteemed Correspondent, Mr. E. Taylor, next week.

THE Individual who called at our Publishers, and talked loudly of bringing an action against us for a Paragraph that appeared in this Journal, the statements of which are *true*, can annoy Mr. Hooper alone by such conduct. This person reminds us of Bobadil in the play, who hectors and talks of threats to be cut,—but every one laughs and knows it is but the Ass in the Lion's skin, endeavouring to pass off his braying for roaring.

WEEKLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

Strauss. Le Bouquet des dames . . .	Cocks
Corticelli's Polacca . . .	Ditto
Czerny's Fantasia on the air L'udia	
ne suoi bel Carmi . . .	Ditto
Mallet. Malapou or delightful dance	
as performed by the Bayaderes . . .	Mori
Mozart's Opera Don Juan . . .	Ever
Calcott, W. H. Donizetti's Opera Lu-	
crezia Borgia . . .	Lonsdale
VOCAL.	
Spohr. The Serenade . . .	Ever
Loder, E. J. The old house at home	
Woman's Love . . .	Ditto
Glorious suns I joyous hail	
thee . . .	Ditto
The home of early years . . .	Ditto
When king's would woo . . .	Ditto
The bright days of the past . . .	Ditto
Love came to our gate . . .	Ditto
To the merry greenwood tree . . .	Ditto
Spirit breathing life in man. prayer.	Ditto
Softly tread on dewy ground, terzetto	Ditto
A cup of peace, duet . . .	Ditto
In summer's cot . . .	Ditto

CORNET A PISTON AND PIANO.

Handley's 24 chamber duets . . .	Cocks
SOLOS FOR THE CORNET APISTON.	
Handley's 200 Airs, with the Light of	
other days, &c . . .	Cocks
Muller's 144 airs . . .	Ditto
HARP.	
Bochsa's A te o dico, from Roberto De-	
vereaux . . .	Mori
ORGAN.	
Nixon. Handel's choruses, O glorious	
prince, and Let all the angels . . .	Monroe
And he shall purify, and the	
Lord gave . . .	Ditto
Moses and the children, and	
He gave them hailstones . . .	Ditto
Glory to God, and And with	
his stripes . . .	Ditto
Lead on, lead on, and To the	
Cherubim . . .	Ditto
Sturges, E. Pergolesi's Gloria in excel-	
sis, for 2 performers . . .	Ditto
Whittaker's twelve pedal exercises, in	
a progressive style, marked to direct	
the use of the feet . . .	Ditto

THE novel features which characterize Mr. G. Kollmann's **HORIZONTAL GRAND, HORIZONTAL SQUARE, UPRIGHT GRAND, and UPRIGHT SEMIGRAND PIANOFORTES**, consist not merely in improvements of One, or several of the various parts of which the Instrument is composed, while the Principles according to which it has hitherto been formed are retained, but in the application of superior Principles of such a nature, that these Pianofortes receive a new and improved construction in *all* their departments, obtaining by simple means the best results, namely in—
QUALITY AND QUANTITY OF TONE—STANDING IN TUNE—FACILITY OF TUNING—GOOD TOUCH—EXTERNAL FORM—AND GENERAL DURABILITY.

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 1. The Hammers and Mechanism are placed *Above the String*, so that the Hammers *Strike Down* on the Strings *Towards* the Bridge and Soundboard. It is by this mode of action alone, that tone of the *finest quality and greatest power* is produced. In the usual Grand Pianofortes the Mechanism is placed *Under* the Strings, and the Hammers strike them *Upwards, Away* from the Bridge and Soundboard.
 2. The Stringing and Soundboard have qualities by which the *Quantity of Tone* in the Instrument is increased.
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 The above Pianofortes are to be seen at No. 21, OLD BOND STREET; where Prospectuses may be had.

TO TEACHERS OF SINGING.

THE Society for the Encouragement of Vocal Music will distribute, in the months of April and May next, the sum of **FIFTY GUINEAS** in prizes, for the best examples of successful class teaching, of singing, and the notation of music. It will not be required of the candidates that they shall have followed any particular method or system of instruction; the result only will determine the award. Examiners and Judges—E. Taylor, Esq., Gresham, Professor of Music; and J. Turlie, Esq., Organist of Westminster Abbey. Conditions and particulars of the prizes may be obtained (gratis) of Mr. Hooper, 13, Pall Mall East; J. A. Novello, 69, Dean Street, Soho; Taylor and Walton, Upper Gower Street; and of Moore and May, Holborn Bars.

W. E. Hickson, Hon. Sec.

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 A card of terms may be had on application at the Rooms. The Rooms may be engaged by Private Parties.

TO CHORAL SOCIETIES.

Just Published,

HANDEL'S ORATORIO—SAMSON, (as Performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall) the string and vocal parts complete, price 3s. per page.
 The Messiah, Vocal Parts, each 5s.
 Dettingen Te Deum, the Vocal Parts 10s. 6d., the String Parts 7s.
 Judas Maccabæus, vocal parts, each 5s. The string parts, 37s. 6d.
 Israel in Egypt, vocal parts, containing all the choruses in the oratorio, price 3s. per page.
 MS. additional accompaniments to Handel's Oratorios, by Mr. G. Perry, 3s. per page.
 The separate voice and string parts of the following oratorios printing:—Joshua, Jephtha, Saul, &c.
 Published by J. SURMAN, 22, Winchester Street, Pentonville.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY
 EXETER HALL. On Wednesday, Dec. 5, will be Performed **HANDEL'S ORATORIO—SOLOMON**. The band and choruses will consist of Five Hundred Performers. Tickets 3s. each: Reserved Seats, 5s., may be had of the principal Music Sellers: of Mr. Mitchell, 39, Charing Cross; and of Mr. Rice, 102, Strand, opposite Exeter Hall.
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PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

C. CZERNY'S LETTERS.

TO a Young Lady on the art of playing on the Pianoforte, from the earliest rudiments to the highest stage of cultivation; written as an appendix to every school for that instrument; translated by J. A. Hamilton, four shillings.

The Publishers of my Pianoforte School have expressed to me a wish that I would explain, under the epistolary form, and in a concise, clear, and familiar manner, the peculiar mode of proceeding in the instruction of my pupils, and of leading them forwards step by step, which I have employed during my long career as a teacher of the pianoforte; and that, in so doing, I would fully detail all those minute particulars which, from their nature, could not well find a place in a pianoforte school.

By means of the present work, I have endeavoured to satisfy their request; and I have done so the more willingly, because the form of letters approximates the nearest to verbal instruction.

The reader must suppose, therefore, that, by means of short, friendly, and cheerful letters, I have undertaken to draw the attention of a talented and well-educated girl of about twelve years old, residing at a distance in the country, progressively to every thing which might assist her in the better comprehension and application of the rules which are contained in almost every pianoforte school.

It is further assumed that each letter follows that which immediately preceded it, after a lapse of about eight or ten weeks; so that the pupil may have sufficient intermediate time to learn all the rules which are laid down, and to avail herself of them in her subsequent practice.

And thus the instructions here given proceed gradually and naturally from the earliest rudiments to the highest degree of cultivation; for the last letters contain as much explanation relative to the principles of harmony or thorough-bass as the limits of this little work would allow, in order to facilitate and render intelligible to the pupil any future study of the theory of music.

I hope, therefore, that a frequent and attentive perusal of this little work, and an intelligent application of the rules given therein, will prove of utility to pupils of every age, and in every stage of their progress; since I have endeavoured, in them, to avoid, as far as possible, the dryness so generally complained of in works of instruction, and to place every subject within the comprehension of a pupil of whatever age.

Though these Letters are written as a kind of appendix to my own Pianoforte School, still they may be used with equal advantage along with any other *Method*, and may therefore, perhaps, be considered as a not unwelcome assistant to pupils in general.—*Preface by the Author.*

CONTENTS OF THE WORK.

- Letter 1.—First Rudiments of the Piano.
- Letter 2.—On Touch, Tone, and mode of treating the Pianoforte.
- Letter 3.—On Time, Subdivision of the Notes, and Fingering.
- Letter 4.—On Expression, and Graces of Embellishment.
- Letter 5.—On the Keys, on Studying a Piece, and on playing in the presence of others.
- Letter 6.—On the Selection of Compositions most suitable for each Pianist.
- Letter 7.—Rudiments of Thorough-bass.
- Letter 8.—On the Formation of Chords.
- Letter 9.—Continuation of Thorough-bass.
- Letter 10.—On Extemporaneous Performance.

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Printed by WILLIAM WILCOCKSON, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane, London.